People Like Us

Swans

We're drifting goodbye
On a rust-colored cloud
Oh fallopian friends
Abandon us nowOur systems are full
Of bones ground to dust
The sky shows a bruise
Where our fingers have touchedCome suck on this vine
It tangles and nets
Come swallow the wine
We squeezed from our breastThe ocean is shifting
We're sailing amok
The methane is rising
To heaven above
We're tracing our shapeOn the walls of your house
We're surfing the sand
That spills from your mouth
We're calling for more
Cause nothing is left
The words are all gone
There's more to be saidSend us away
On ships made of silk
Send us to fly
Black skies washed with milk
People like us
We need a dream to escape
People like us
We need to sleep to awake

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